DECEMBER 1977

youth MAGAZINE

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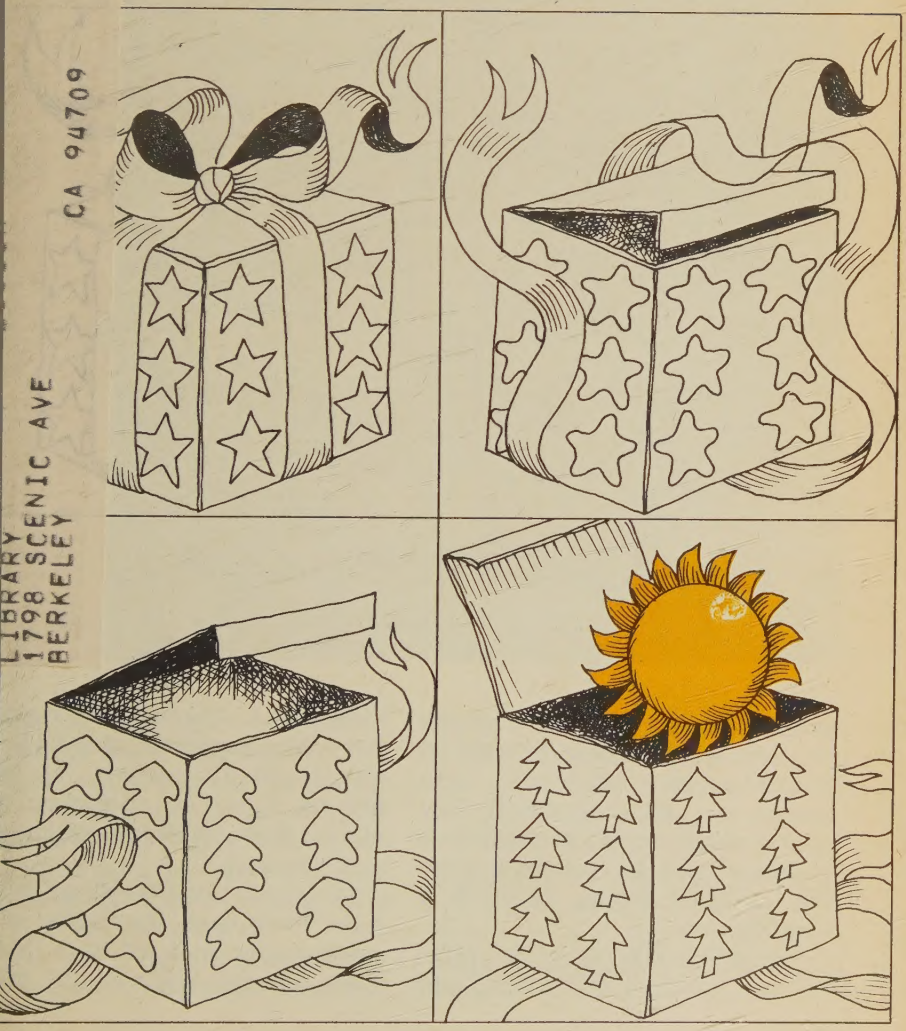

A PLACE TO HANG A STAR

BY RUTH BENEDICT AND PAUL MODERACKI

It was almost midnight and gusts of wind were spinning swirls of grainy snow back and forth across the deserted street. The hustle of Christmas preparations inside the houses was waning like the glow of fading coals in a fireplace.

The world was quiet. Too quiet for two travelers still a long way from home. Three hours before, the business district had still been aglow with Christmas. The last-minute flurry of shoppers had made their situation seem not quite so bad.

Now only two twinkling Christmas trees and the pulse of a yellow caution light at a downtown corner made silent intru-

Fred Bertram

ons into the late-night calm.
They'd been walking along a
ip of motels and restaurants for
urs. Inside, behind windows of
sel and neon lights, the mirth of
ends raising glasses and watch-
g late TV specials gave off a
ellow kind of warmth.
She was pregnant and dying to
inside. If she could only get
warm and sit down for a minute,
maybe it wouldn't be so bad. His
hat had blown away and their
money was almost gone.

Their broken-down car

Ruth Benedict and Paul Moderacki were reporters for the former Geneva Times, Geneva, N.Y. when they wrote this article. They now are married and work as a team for Gannet-Rochester Newspapers in New York.

wouldn't be fixed until morning. The man at a local gas station had agreed to fix it on credit. Now it was buried with snow.

They had left New York City seven hours ago, headed for a short holiday visit with her father in Toronto.

At first they walked to see if any easy opportunity to spend the night would come along—maybe there would be an all-night party where they could drop in, and later curl up in the corner to get some rest.

But along the street the two still moved, coats pulled tightly against the wind. Their ski jackets, so warm before, seemed hardly adequate now.

Luckily, he'd brought along a spare sweater, which she'd put on as extra protection. Still, it didn't seem enough on the now-deserted street.

As they walked up to a motel door, their heartbeats quickened. Could they really ask . . . ?

youth magazine

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DESIGNERS: Bob and Sandy Bauer

Cover illustration by Sandy Bauer

The lobby was empty, but laughter sifted through a crack in the door across the room. The innkeeper heard the bell clanging over his door, and walked out—unsuspicious and glad to see customers.

"Uh, do you suppose you could give us a hand? We left our car at . . ." and the story would go on.

Slowly his expression changed—the sympathy was there, but thoughts of a small business furrowed his brow too. His fingers, resting on the top of the cash register, began tapping while he thought up a response.

"I'm sorry, I'd like to help you but I got burned too many times. People are coming by here once in a while, and I'll get a real soft heart, but never see the $18 they promised to send.

"Why don't you try across the street, they might be able to think of something. I'm probably the only one on the strip that would do it, but I just can't."

The innkeeper shook his head—hanging it a little—and half-walked them to the door. Their eyes never met again. He started to mumble an apology, but closed the door saying "I just can't afford to do it."

Inside, the laughter soon started again. They walked out into the driveway. The wind was stronger now and the snow was biting at their faces.

The next motel was smaller and looked like winter had begun to take its toll. There was a creaking sign and a flickering, bare bulb by the door. Inside, kids were crying in the next room.

THE PAST FAILURES MADE THEM RUSH THROUGH THEIR TALE—ANOTHER 'NO' WOULD BE HARD TO TAKE TONIGHT.

"No, I can't do it," the man said nervously. His Christmas Eve was already shot with giving medicine to the kids inside, he explained, and he just can't do it right now.

"I had a couple here three months ago that said the Red Cross was going to pay, but I never got anything. I can't do it with sick kids. I can't."

Across the street another neon light beckoned to them. Walking to the door, they tried to think fresh.

They rang the bell and a woman in slippers and a bulky sweater and house dress padded down the hall toward them.

Art Foxall

A hot cup of coffee on a cold night gives the travelers a temporary reprieve from the storm.

Not used to getting such late-night customers, she chuckled. "Why don't you come in—it must be cold," she said.

By now the failures of the past hour made them hurry through their story—it was almost embarrassing and the pain of another 'no' was hard so late at night.

He explained the father in Toronto would bail them out for the room if she'd only let them sleep and get warm until morning. He took his watch off his wrist gingerly and offered it to her as a trust.

Fingering the watch, she looked up expectantly, half smiling and almost ready to give in. She looked quickly into the living room where her husband was staring at the late show.

"Well, okay, if you give me your word," she said, handing him a registration card.

Just when they began to melt with relief and share stories about cold weather, car troubles and

holidays, the innkeeper's husband walked over, took the watch from her hand, and gave it back to the travelers. Without speaking, he glanced at the motel key board covered with forgotten collateral—watches, rings, and bracelets—and shook his head "no."

The innkeeper, embarrassed, stumbled through an apology.

"I'm sorry you two—things oughta get better."

The door closed.

They went past two more motels with cars pulled up to every door. If he was alone he could rough it inside the back seat of one of the cars with a door unlocked. At least that would have gotten him out of the cold. But that wouldn't help his wife.

Now they were more towards the center of town, less motels, more private homes and that blinking amber light glowing brighter. Near the four corners the neon of an old diner flicked up from a side street. There was nothing left to lose.

The waitress was busy in the kitchen as they almost snuck inside the door. His wife pulled the chair away from the first table she could find, and slumped down.

The cash register, alone at the end of the counter, was the first thing he saw. Conversations in the booths momentarily stopped, the waitress looked out and nodded.

AFTER THE SECOND CUP OF COFFEE THEY FELT THE WELCOME WEARING THIN; THEY BUNDLED UP AGAIN.

It seemed an eternity before she came their way. Then desperately, "Do you think that . . . you could help us out? Give us a cup of coffee?"

He could feel the waitress wanted to give in. "I'll have to ask the manager." Undertones at one of the booths. Sidelong glances and a nod.

She returned, coffee in hand, and later a refill.

For a moment it felt good to relax. They felt almost forgotten at the counter as the coffee started to work its way down.

After the second cup of coffee they felt the welcome wearing thin. Bundling up again, he asked directions to the police station.

Four blocks later they were there. The warmth of the coffee

didn't last long, and only provoked another necessity. The door was locked. No light in the station inside. A check around the back failed to show a patrol car.

By the light of a streetlamp, she fumbled through her bag for a dime. The operator sounded warm on the other end . . . "One minute please . . . call the sheriff's office, they'll relay the message."

Another number, "Could you send a car to the station?"

"Anything serious?"

"Car broke down on the road, looking for a place to stay."

"Hold tight, an officer will be down in ten minutes."

In front of the police station, the open street gave the wind more strength. A patrol car pulled up. There were other complaints on the sergeant's mind.

"Boy, I don't know who I could get at this time of night. I'd put you up at my house, but I've got six kids there right now. The oldest two just came home from college today. I used to have a friend at the Franklin Hotel, but he closes it down now for the winter and heads south."

Maybe he could drop them at a 24-hour place while he made his rounds. Maybe there's a cot at the state police barracks after that.

He took them to a 24-hour coffee shop and joked with the guys at the back table. The sergeant brought three cups of coffee back to their booth. Outside his monitor was lighting up—there were others in need. He passed a dollar to them under the table, saying "I know it's not much, but maybe you'll want a bowl of soup later."

"Just stay here in the booth for the night—the owner's a nice guy and I don't think he'll mind if you doze off here."

As the sergeant walked out the door, the travelers leaned back in the booth and smiled. The warmth that drifted up from a floor heater felt good. It was Christmas day now, they realized. One a.m.

"I think we better save the money for gas or an emergency," he said to his wife. "You look hungry though—maybe we could get a bite to eat."

The waitress came over, festive with a sprig of mistletoe in her hair.

She heard the story, wrinkled her forehead and said, "I'll have to see." A few minutes later she came back with hamburgers, french fries and milk. A wink and a nod showed they didn't need to worry about the check.

They ate and were able to relax . . .

"We're closing tonight at 1:30," the waitress said, interrupting the contented silence, "because it's Christmas. I'm sorry to have to rush you but my friends are waiting for me to help them trim the tree for the morning before the kids get up. Was the mea

okay?"

They sheepishly said, "Yes, it was fantastic," trying to hide their disappointment at going out in the cold again. "It was nice of you to feed us," he said. "We'll try to get some money back to you on our way home."

"Oh, forget it—have a Merry Christmas," she said.

IT WAS COLDER THAN BEFORE. SWIRLS OF SNOW MADE THEM HIDE THEIR FACES AS THEY WALKED.

They stepped outside, and the snow was coming down the same as before. It was colder. The giant "we're-open-24-hours-a-day" sign went out. The back door slammed shut and the staff's three cars drove away.

Swirls of snow from the street made them hide their faces as they walked. Their minds wandered back to other Christmases, going out with the family to choose "the tree," waiting until Dad was off Christmas Eve to bring it inside from the back porch, leaning in mid-air from the stool to reach the highest branches.

Wrapped in thought, he'd almost forgotten where they were. A nudge brought him back, and as he stopped for her, he saw she was looking up at a motel they'd missed earlier.

They stepped inside a tiny office. The room was empty, but a minute later, the white-haired owner stepped out, and said, "Hello—ready to call it a day?"

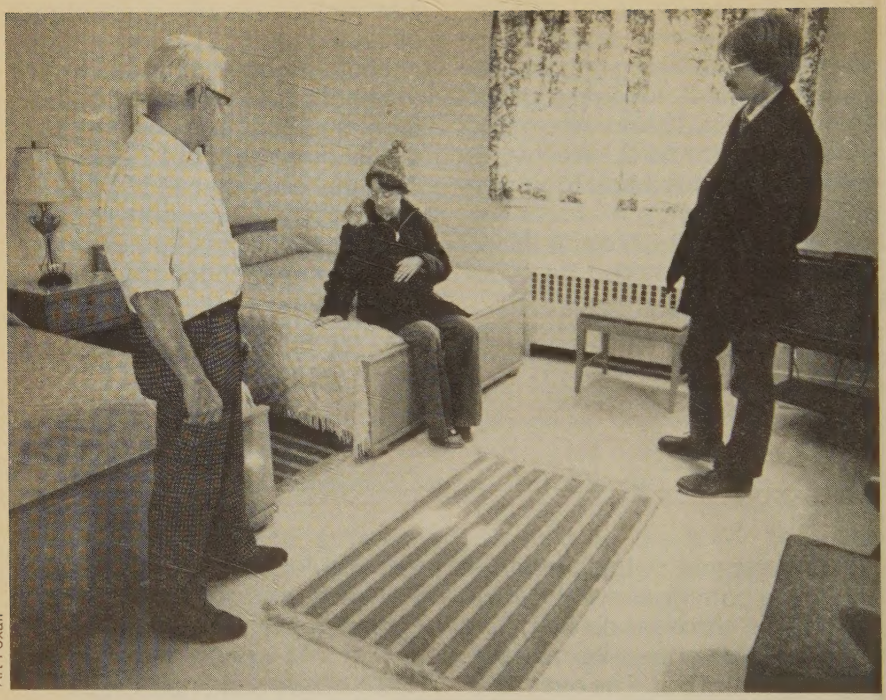
He reached into a drawer for the guest registration book, and began chatting about celebrations planned for later in the day.

"I bet you've got a beautiful time planned, too," he winked, "Oh, look at that—when is the little one due? I have eight grandchildren myself—all beauties—and they'll all be coming here today. Oh, but you're probably tired. Do you want to sign here, sir?"

The story was told again—he looked at them thoughtfully, glanced out the window at the snow, and said, "Yea, sure—the rooms are there anyways. Yea, that sounds like a good idea. Boy, I bet you're hoping for a . . . boy? a girl?" He searched their faces and got a room key off the rack, chuckling.

"Wait just a minute, can you?" he asked.

The innkeeper walked into his



Art Foxall

To the travelers, a warm room and a comfortable bed are a welcome sight.

adjoining apartment, and they heard him rummaging around on a shelf. A woman's voice murmured in the background.

He came back. "You know, I just went inside and told my wife 'I think we're doing something for somebody for Christmas. These two kids came in. They've only got ten bucks, so I'm giving them a room for the night until their car's fixed.'"

Wrapped in foil were two fresh sweetrolls, which he placed in their hands. "Take these and have a good sleep." He held the door, but before they stepped out he took a long look at the travelers and their child-to-be. He handed them a picture taken on a summer day—children, grandchildren, and himself and his wife. There was laughter and love written on every face.

"You know? It's a good world. People make me want to get up in the morning" he said. "I hope you'll always feel that way too."

They all smiled.

The travelers, having found the experiences they were looking for, told the real story—they were two newspaper reporters, she with a pillow placed over her stomach, posing as a modern-day Mary and Joseph, testing the Christmas spirit.

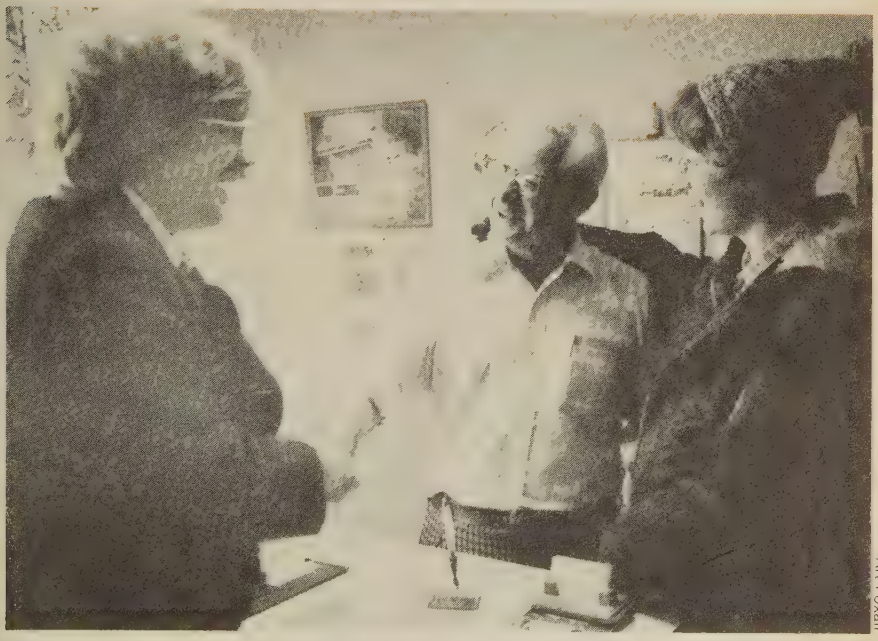
"You redheads, you rascals," he laughed, slapping their shoulders. He'd been "had" but his pleasure was doubled at being hoodwinked.

For the travelers, his generosity was an oasis on a long road.

A place to hang a star.

They stood there a moment longer, sharing the spirit of Christmas. □

"YOU KNOW? IT'S A GOOD WORLD. I HOPE YOU'LL ALWAYS FEEL THAT WAY TOO."

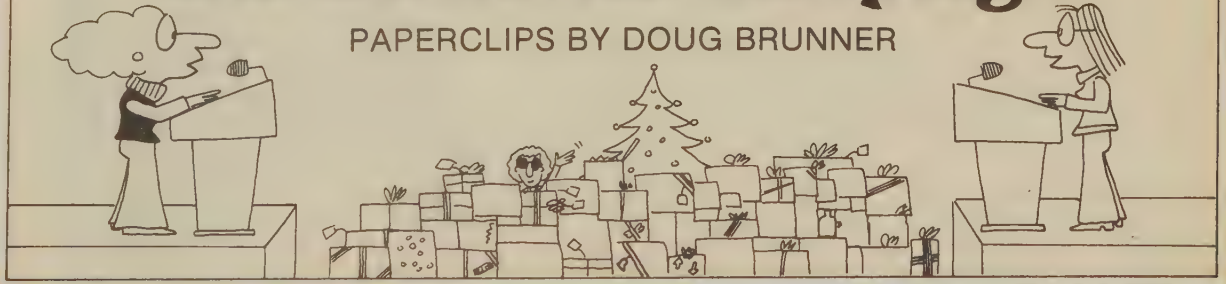


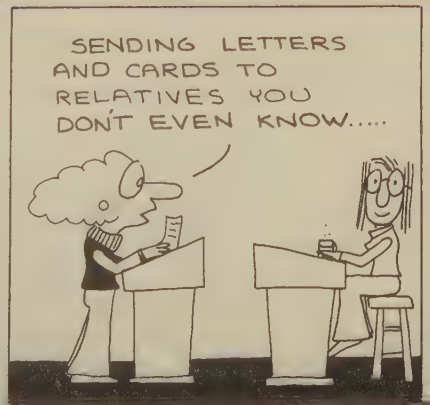
Art Foxall

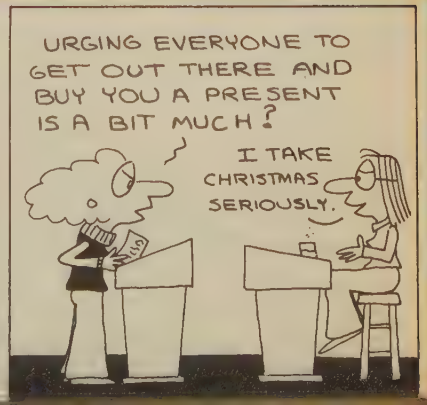
The innkeeper's friendly smile is like an oasis to the tired travelers.

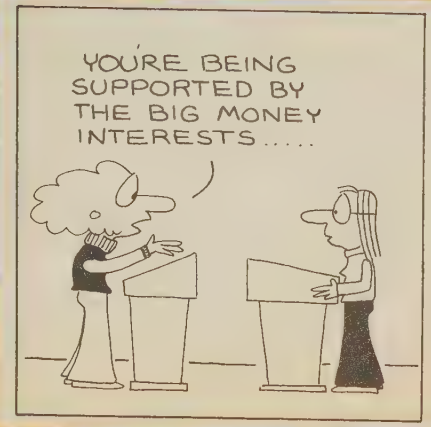
the christmas campaign

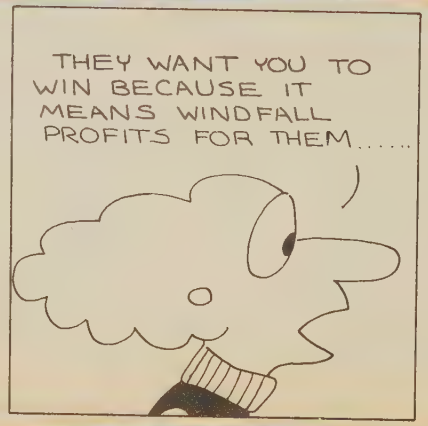
PAPERCLIPS BY DOUG BRUNNER





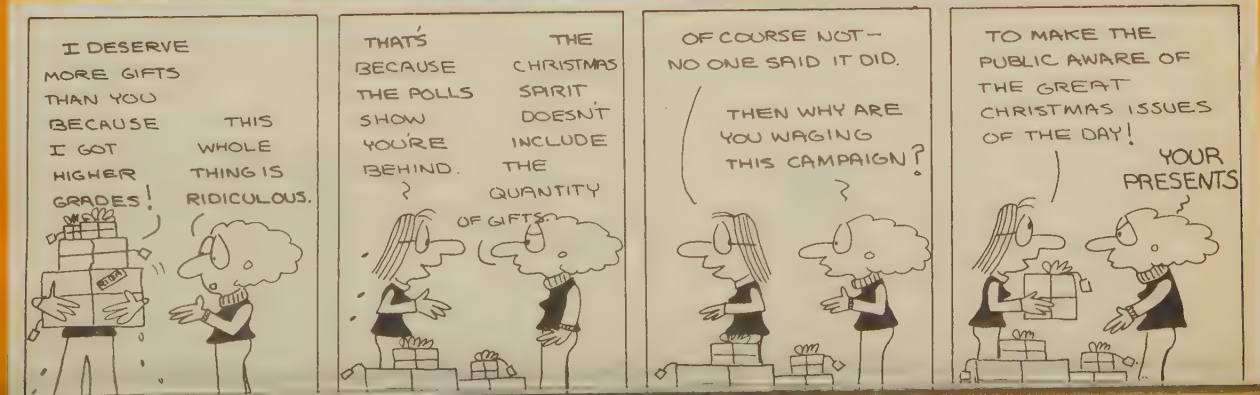


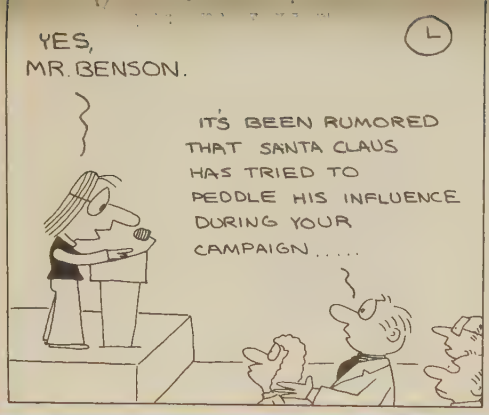




© 1977 Doug Brunner

MY TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS KEEPS STORES OPEN LATE, FOR THE SHOPPERS CONVENIENCE....
ON NIGHTS, WEEKENDS AND SUNDAY.
SURE, THE STORES MAKE SOME OF THEIR BIGGEST PROFITS THEN....
BUT IT'S A VERY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE FOR THEM, TOO.

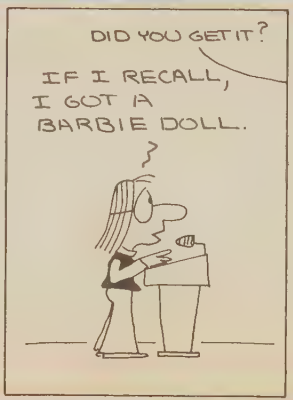

I DESERVE MORE GIFTS THAN YOU BECAUSE I GOT HIGHER GRADES!
THIS WHOLE THING IS RIDICULOUS.
THAT'S BECAUSE THE POLLS SHOW YOU'RE BEHIND.
THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT DOESN'T INCLUDE THE QUANTITY OF GIFTS.
OF COURSE NOT— NO ONE SAID IT DID.
THEN WHY ARE YOU WAGING THIS CAMPAIGN?
TO MAKE THE PUBLIC AWARE OF THE GREAT CHRISTMAS ISSUES OF THE DAY!
YOUR PRESENTS

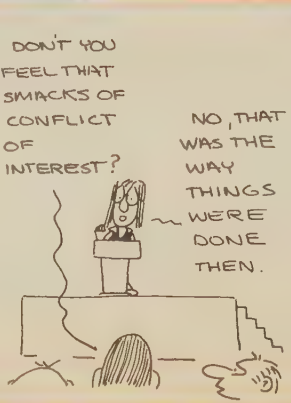

YES, MR. BENSON.
IT'S BEEN RUMORED THAT SANTA CLAUS HAS TRIED TO PEDDLE HIS INFLUENCE DURING YOUR CAMPAIGN.....

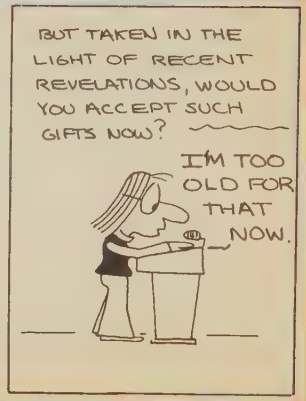
MY ONLY MEETING WITH MR. CLAUS WAS IN 1967.....

WHEN I SAT ON HIS LAP.

HAVE YOU EVER ASKED ANY FAVORS OF MR. CLAUS?
YES, I ONCE ASKED HIM FOR A NEW BIKE.


DID YOU GET IT?
IF I RECALL, I GOT A BARBIE DOLL.

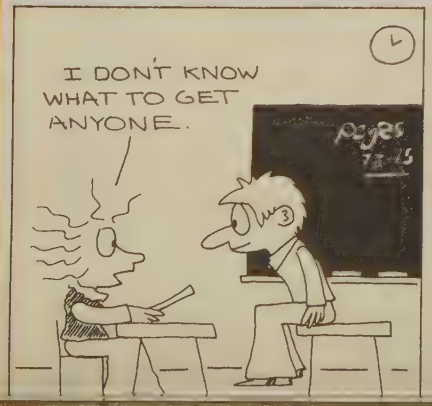

DON'T YOU FEEL THAT SMACKS OF CONFLICT OF INTEREST?
NO, THAT WAS THE WAY THINGS WERE DONE THEN.

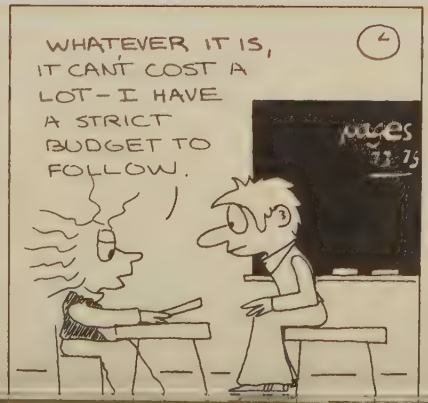

BUT TAKEN IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT REVELATIONS, WOULD YOU ACCEPT SUCH GIFTS NOW?
I'M TOO OLD FOR THAT NOW.

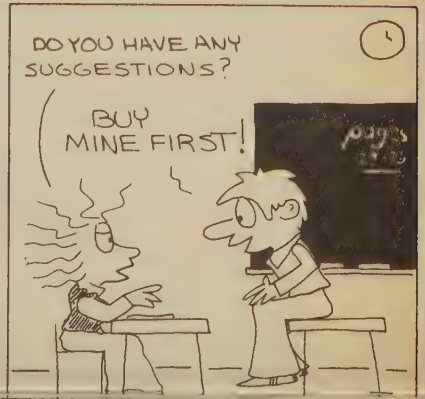
WHY WASN'T I INVITED TO THE CHRISTMAS DEBATE?
YOU'RE A DARK HORSE.

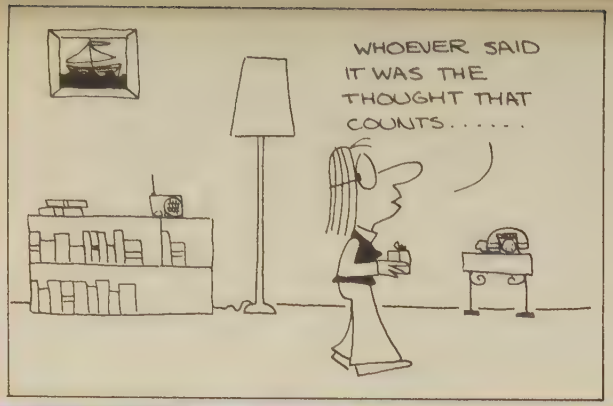
WELL, I DEMAND EQUAL TIME.
WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH IT?

TELL EVERYONE I NEED BLUE SOCKS.....

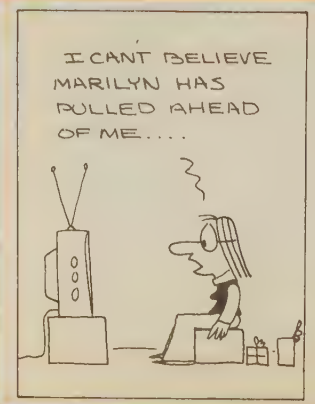

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO GET ANYONE.

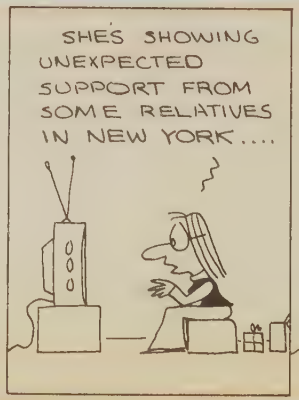

WHATEVER IT IS, IT CAN'T COST A LOT - I HAVE A STRICT BUDGET TO FOLLOW.

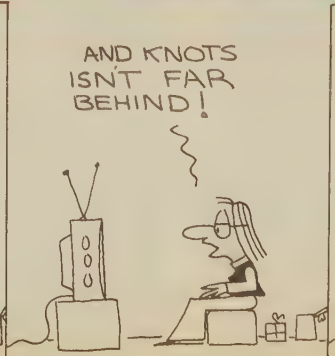

DO YOU HAVE ANY SUGGESTIONS?
BUY MINE FIRST!


WHOEVER SAID IT WAS THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS.....

DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO COUNT!

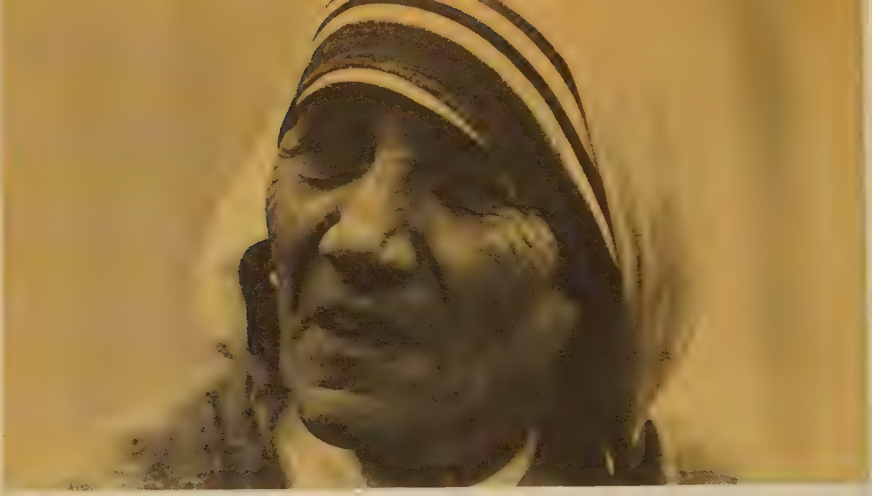

I CAN'T BELIEVE MARILYN HAS PULLED AHEAD OF ME....


SHE'S SHOWING UNEXPECTED SUPPORT FROM SOME RELATIVES IN NEW YORK....


AND KNOTS ISN'T FAR BEHIND!

I THOUGHT I HAD IT ALL WRAPPED UP.
DOUG DRUMMER

Religious News Service Photo



Cmc

Mother Teresa, above, has earned international recognition for her service to the poor in Calcutta, India and in other countries around the world.

MOTHER TERESA
A MODERN SAINT

By Judith L. Pavlichko

The wizened face and slight, stooped figure bespeak age. The coarse, work-worn hands and cheap cotton garb bespeak poverty and hardship. But the eyes—the gray eyes—bespeak a love that is other-worldly in its power, scope and purity.

Mother Teresa of Calcutta. The name is familiar to Christians the world over. The woman is associate of Pope, Prime Minister and Prince; recipient of international accolades and admiration. What is her accomplishment in this world of tragedy and untold misery? It is that simple, searing love of people and God—a credi-

SHE FELT GOD CALLING HER TO GO AMONG THE POOR, TO SERVE JESUS BY SERVING THE DESTITUTE.

ble message of peace and hope—that beams from her aging eyes.

Mother Teresa is servant of the poor, the homeless, the dying, the unloved and the unwanted. She is founder of the Missionaries of Charity, a community of more than 1,300 men and women who have pledged their lives to serving the destitute. The Missionaries of Charity have homes for the dying, orphanages and leprosariums in 67 countries. Each Brother and Sister in Mother Teresa's community must vow to serve the poorest of the poor, each day, for the rest of his or her life.

Who is this tiny, 67-year old nun who has garnered such praise for her untiring love of the world's outcasts? She is the former Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu of Yugoslavia, the daughter of an Albanian chemist. She was born August 27, 1910. At the age of 12, she decided to join religious life. At the age of 18, she became a postulant with the Sisters of Our Lady of Lorreto, an Irish order of nuns, and was sent to Calcutta, India.

There, she lived the cloistered life of a Catholic nun. She taught high school-age girls from good Indian families. She lived within the security of the convent walls, was fed, clothed and cared for by the Roman Catholic Church.

In heart-rending contrast to her sheltered life were the teeming streets of Calcutta. A boiling mass of homeless men, women and children eked out a miserable existence in the slums of the city. Starvation, leprosy, tuberculosis and gangrene were components of everyday life. Live babies were left in trash piles for dogs to eat. The diseased and exhausted lay down on streets and in gutters to die.

These were the outcasts of Indian society: people who did not fit into the four social classes or castes. These accepted classes were (and still are) Brahmans (priests and leaders), soldiers, merchants and farmers; outside of these strict classes were the countless outcasts. Indians could not move from one class to another: if born into the farming class, one remained a farmer; if born an outcast, one remained an outcast all one's life.

These outcasts, unwanted and treated like animals, were the ones who cried for Sister Teresa's help. On September 10, 1946, Sister Teresa received a "call within a call." She felt God calling her to go among the poorest of

the poor, and to serve Jesus by serving the destitute.

Her first request to leave the convent was denied. But in 1947, she was granted permission to leave her religious order and live as an uncloistered nun in the slums of Calcutta. Sister Teresa chose to don a cheap, white cotton sari with a wide blue border. On her shoulder she placed a small crucifix. In her heart she bore love for the lowest of God's children.

With these humble preparations, Sister Teresa set out to give herself to the poor. Thirty years later, she has a worldwide organization committed to the same simple, but vital, goal.

"Not for a second did I think that God would act like this," Mother Teresa said in a 1975 cover interview with TIME magazine. "We (the Missionaries of Charity) have nothing. The greatness of God is that he has used this nothing to do something."

Religious News Service Photo

This sick man receives loving attention from Mother Teresa in her home for the dying and destitute, Nirmal Hriday.

She visited the United States in 1976 for the Eucharistic Congress of Roman Catholics. She explained in interviews and speeches across the nation that the basic teaching of the Missionaries of Charity is a sentence, uttered by Christ on the cross at Calvary: "I am thirsty." The Brothers and Sisters go out to feed the hungry and satisfy the thirsty; their work is with the destitute and the diseased who have the greatest need for sustenance. But, Mother Teresa said during her visit to the U.S., there is another kind of hunger and thirst found in affluent countries.

"There is material poverty from which people in Africa and India and other places suffer. . . . But people in the West, in Europe and here in America, are hungry for love. They want to be loved, to be somebody to somebody. There is a terrible loneliness here, and that too is poverty."

A lay organization that spreads

Robert S. Halvey

The Co-Workers of Mother Teresa help feed the hungry in the United States with programs like this one.

Mother Teresa's message in the U.S. is the Co-Workers of Mother Teresa. The group "fights hunger in our backyard," according to Diane Miller. Mrs. Miller was Mother Teresa's personal guide at the Eucharistic Congress, and has since been appointed by Mother Teresa to head the Co-Workers of Mother Teresa in Pennsylvania.

"I heard Mother Teresa tell some young people, 'It's fine to support the Missionaries of Charity and their work with the poor. But make sure your mother or father or sister or brother is not lonely or hungry for love. You must take our message *home* with you,'" Mrs. Miller said.

As well as counseling young people to be sensitive to the spiritual and emotional needs around them, Mother Teresa asks for concern for the poor in America. Mrs. Miller said that because poverty is so widespread in Third World countries, Americans tend to forget that there are poverty-stricken people in the United States.

"There are people right here in America who are hungry—who don't have enough to eat. Mother Teresa says we must help our neighbors here, at home, before we turn our attention to other countries," Mrs. Miller explained.

Mrs. Miller's chapter of the Co-Workers participates in local food drives, and distributes hot meals and canned goods on a regular basis. The chapter prays together on behalf of the poor and lonely in the United States, and visits elderly persons in nursing homes.

"PEOPLE IN THE WEST ARE HUNGRY FOR LOVE. THERE IS A TERRIBLE LONELINESS; THAT TOO IS POVERTY."

"We are using the name of Mother Teresa but she says we are actually Co-Workers of Jesus," Mrs. Miller said. "The Co-Workers are little people doing little things for little people. In the end, we believe, those little things add up."

The organization was formed in 1969, and is headed in the United States by Mrs. Warren L. Kump, 4243 Glenwood Ave., Minneapolis, MN. 55422. Anyone interested in finding out more about the Co-Workers can write Mrs. Kump at that address.

Mrs. Miller carries with her a list of quotations she has heard Mother Teresa say. All 20 quotations are profoundly wise, but there is one that speaks straight to the heart:

"A Co-Worker is one who loves. People will know us by our love." □

Ciric

LIVING AMONG THE DYING

By Geneva Butz

I had thought working in a home for the dying in Calcutta, India would be a very sad and depressing experience. Instead I discovered a place of quiet joy where each person is treated with dignity and respect, and not at all the gloomy atmosphere I had expected.

This was my conclusion after working for several weeks with Mother Teresa and her Sisters, the Missionaries of Charity, in Nirmal Hriday, a home for the dying and destitute in Calcutta. Begun over 25 years ago by Mother Teresa, it's the place where the Sisters bring hundreds

of people from Calcutta's city streets to spend their last days before dying. Although the people are coming from many religious backgrounds—Hindu, Moslem, and Christian, for each of them the common denominator is the same—poverty, hunger, and death.

The need for a home for the dying became obvious to Mother Teresa when she found a woman lying on the pavement in front of one of Calcutta's busiest hospitals. The woman was so desperately ill that she didn't seem to notice that the rats and cockroaches had been eating away on her feet. Mother Teresa carried the woman into the hospital only to be told that the woman couldn't be admitted because of her poverty and severe condition. So Mother Teresa began to look for another hospital, while the woman died on the street where she had been found. Another time Mother Teresa saw what she thought to be a child lying under a tree, again outside a city hospital. But going over, she found an emaciated man, not a child, lying dead in a pool of vomited blood.

"It's a shame for people to die on our city streets," said Mother Teresa sadly. So she went to the city government and asked them to give her a place where people could die with dignity and love. Two places were vacant, and she accepted the second—a pilgrim's rest house next to the great Hindu temple, Kalighat. Mother Teresa chose this place because she knew that many devout Hindus want to be cremated in this sacred place, and that most of the city's destitute come to this part of the city to die.

The home itself is very simple—consisting of just two big rooms. The first room, by which you enter the home, is lined with litters for 60 men; the second room has the same number of litters for women. In between the two large rooms is an open courtyard where the cooking, dishwashing, and laundry are done. Most of the work is done by the Sisters themselves or by the Brothers, who work with the men. There is just a small staff of five or six men and women who assist them with practical work. And all the work is done by hand—even the food is prepared on a wood-burning stove.

During my weeks of working with the Sisters, I was able to have the same contact with the patients as they themselves have. The only thing I couldn't do was give out medicine, for I don't have any nurse's training. However, only minimal medicine is given because most of the patients are already in advanced stages of illness. The Sisters are really

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Geneva Butz recently returned from a year of travel among Christians in southern Asia and Indonesia on behalf of the Taize Community of France. She formerly was a staff member of YOUTH Magazine.

more concerned with meeting the human needs of the patients than with curing their physical ailments. And surprisingly, almost half of the patients recover enough to be able to leave the home. If relatives can be traced, they are placed in their care, or if no relatives can be located, they are transferred to another home for people who are not so desperately ill.

The first work in the morning is giving everyone a bath. This is no easy task as almost every patient has to be carried from his or her bed to the place of bathing at one end of the room. Everyone gets plenty of soap, is rinsed, and then dried with one and the same towel. There are few luxuries in Calcutta. For the poor, soap is precious; and one towel for 60 people is somehow also sufficient.

At the same time as the bathing, the litters are changed and even disinfected. And the floor is cleaned. Mother Teresa really believes in cleanliness! This procedure which is done every morning, disrupts the usually tranquil atmosphere in the home. But soon peace is again restored—and there is plenty of time just to *be* together with the patients. No one is in a rush.

Most of the patients are too sick to speak very much. But there are many other ways to communicate love and concern. The women especially like to have oil rubbed into their bodies—even into their hair. Although the oil is simple mustard oil used for cooking, it is very soothing to their leathery bodies, which previously have been exposed to the hot sun of the city streets for long hours. Exercising stiff limbs, bringing a glass of water or an unexpected piece of fruit, holding the hand of someone in pain, or even singing quietly to a patient—all are ways of being attentive to the simple needs of these people who have been neglected for most of their lives, but who are human beings and worthy of love and respect, especially in their final hours.

Soon it's time for lunch. The easiest way to feed the patients is by using one's hands, rather than a spoon. The people are accustomed to eating in this fashion, and it's the best way to take care not to give the patients any bones from the fish. The meal is a simple one—rice, dahl (a soup-like mixture containing spice and sometimes a few vegetables), a small piece of fish, and some fresh fruit. For the patients who have been living on the street and finding what food they can in the garbage, this meal is a feast. It is even better than the meal eaten most days by the Sisters and Brothers themselves.

I'm surprised by how young many of the patients are. The average age is about 38. Most of

Ciric

The author, Geneva Butz, is shown in the background on the right, as she helps serve meals at Nirmal Hriday.

"WE ARE CONTEMPLATIVES IN THE MIDST OF THE STRUGGLE OF THE POOR."

the people are victims of tuberculosis. It's a disease which is hard to get rid of in the damp and wet climate of Calcutta's rainy season. And when the dry season comes around, the infection deepens because of the dust and pollution of this industrial city. The suffering of the people goes on for years, especially for those who have a poor diet and no dry place in which to live.

Usually each day, several people die. Death is accepted quite naturally for here it is an everyday occurrence. When someone dies the Sisters wrap them in a simple white cloth—and take them for burial (for the Moslems and Christians) or for cremation (for the Hindus). The religious background of each person is carefully respected. Usually there is no family to notify.

The more I was with the Sisters, the more I admired the strength of their faith which enables them to feel joy in such a difficult and seemingly hopeless situation. Theirs is certainly a work in which little progress can be seen. And that's why Mother Teresa insists, "We are not social workers here. We are contemplatives in the midst of the struggle of the poor." The Sisters want to witness to their faith by being present among the poor—even the poorest of the poor who are dying with no one to care for them. But at the basis of their witness is a deep sense of prayer which gives them the strength to carry on with their work in such a sensitive way. Mother Teresa pays as much attention to the spiritual development of her Sisters as she does to the poor people. She considers

BECAUSE OF THE INTERGRATION OF PRAYER AND WORK, THE SISTERS CAN FACE THE HUMAN SUFFERING.

the need for prayer as important as all the work the Sisters do.

Each day, Mother Teresa and the Sisters rise at 4 a.m. for adoration, personal prayer, and then Mass. And again in the afternoon, there is another long time for prayer. In the entrance to the home for the dying is an icon of the Virgin Mary, and when the Sisters begin work or before they leave to go home, they stop for a few moments of prayer before this icon. Even in the ambulance which they take to and from their work, the Sisters—anywhere from 20 to 30 of them, sitting and standing squeezed in among the baskets of food which they bring for the patients, pray the rosary as they go through the streets of Calcutta.

It's really because of this total integration of prayer with their work that the Sisters are able to face the poverty and human suffering which they meet every day. And because of their devotion, the poor are able to spend their final days in the presence of love. □

WE ARE ONE

During 1976 Mother Teresa met with Brother Roger, prior of the ecumenical Taize Community. Together they wrote and published the following appeal for reconciliation between Catholics and Protestants around the world.

We are both of us challenged by the sufferings of the modern world. Confronted with all that wounds humanity, we find the divisions between Christians unbearable.

Are we ready to set aside our separations, freeing ourselves from our fear of one another? When people differ, what use is there in trying to find who was right and who was wrong?

In our search for reconciliation, are we ready to learn ways of offering the best of ourselves, of welcoming what is best in others, loving each other in the way Jesus loves us?

We thank you, Christ Jesus, because the Catholic Church is the Church of the Eucharist, rooted in your words, "This is my body, this is my blood," and so giving life by your adorable presence.

We thank you, because the Protestant Churches are the Churches of the Word, and constantly recall the power of your Gospel.

We thank you, because the Orthodox Churches, so often in their history, are brought by faithfulness to go to the very extremes of loving.

So, Christ, give us all openness to ways leading beyond our own selves: may we no longer delay reconciliation in that unique communion called the Church, irreplaceable leaven set in the midst of humanity.

NC Photo

Mother Teresa and Brother Roger visit with children in Calcutta during Brother Roger's stay there in 1976.

How well do you know the Christmas story as related in the Bible? Most of the following answers are found in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke. Answers can be found on the grid of letters by reading horizontally, vertically, and diagonally, forward and backward, up and down. Here are some clues. (Answers on page 59.)

1. Matthew's genealogy of Jesus makes him a descendant of King _____ (Mt. 1:1).
2. Luke's genealogy shows Jesus to be the son of _____ (Lk. 3:23-38).
3. God sent to Mary an angel whose name was _____ (Lk. 1:26).
4. Who told Mary: "Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb!"? (Lk. 1:41-42).
5. Mary's song of praise (Lk. 1:46-56) is known as the _____.
6. Jesus' mother (Mt. 1:18).
7. An angel told _____ what Mary's son was to be called because "he will save his people from their sins" (Mt. 1:21).
8. The prophet (Isa. 7:14) said this name for Jesus would mean "God with us" (Mt. 1:23).
9. What Roman Emperor ordered all sub-

jects be registered in a census? (Lk. 2:1)

10. Jesus' birthplace (Mt. 2:1).
11. Angels appeared to _____ who went to see the baby in a manger (Lk. 2:8-16).
12. The king who reigned at the time of Jesus' birth (Mt. 2:1).
13. Who were the first to alert Herod of the birth of a "king of the Jews"? (Mt. 2:2)
14. Where did Jesus and his parents flee to avoid the cruel king? (Mt. 2:14)
15. Eventually he and his family settled in what Galilean town? (Mt. 2:22-23)
16. What relative preached Jesus' coming: "Repent . . . prepare the way of the Lord."? (Mt. 3:1-3)
17. When his parents brought the baby to the temple, what man led by the Holy Spirit recognized Jesus as the Messiah? (Lk. 2:22-35)
18. At the temple, what prophetess praised God for Jesus? (Lk. 2:36-38)
19. The father of John the Baptist made a prophecy (Lk. 1:68-79) about the child Jesus.
20. What Gospel writer said that Jesus' birth was God's Word becoming flesh and dwelling among us? (Jn. 1:14)

sin is not a fa

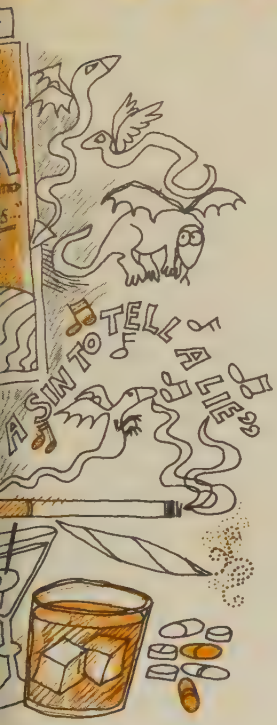
If we believe that each of us as human beings has a unique potential, what stands in the way of our achieving that potential? Whether we are aware of it or not, all of us have some answer to that question. And the way that we describe what it is that stands in our way of realizing our full potential, that is our concept of, or belief about, "sin."

You would think that we would want to understand all we could about what it is that stands in the way of our achieving our full potential as human beings so that we could do something about it. But the reality is that "sin," *as a subject of discussion,* has virtually disappeared in our "mainline" churches.

Why this is true really puzzled

r-letter word

BY WAYNE B. ROBINSON



me. Part of the reason lies in the word "sin" itself. Like the word "love," it has been abused and misused. The word "sin" has been used to create fear and shame and to coerce people into certain beliefs or behaviors (as we shall see later, a sinful use of the word sin!). So we face a choice. We can either try to find a new word to describe what is as real in human life as love is, or we can keep the word and try to get a new understanding of the reality it points to. I favor keeping the word "sin" and struggling towards a new understanding of the word.

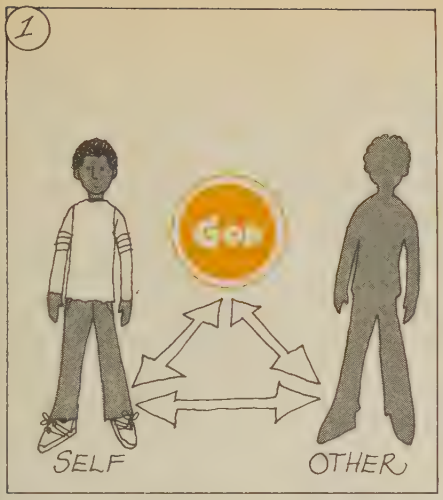
Dr. Wayne B. Robinson, pastor of First Congregational Church of Robbinsdale (United Church of Christ), Robbinsdale, Mn., is a regular contributor to YOUTH Magazine. This is one in a series of articles on a theology for youth.

But there is more to its disappearance as a subject of discussion than just misuse. In his book, *Whatever Became of Sin?,* Karl Menninger outlines some helpful historical background. He points out that up through the end of the Middle Ages, the State was primarily concerned with protection of the King and the King's property. Behavior among the bulk of the people was primarily the province of the Church. It was up to the Church to attempt to deal with harmful or sinful behavior. In the ensuing centuries, the State became more and more involved in defining and regulating human behavior, and what were formerly "sins" became crimes to be dealt with by the State or, conversely, legal and therefore also not "sins." Sin was still spoken of in churches, but the arena of sin became more and more individualized and trivialized. Until at the turn of this century, sin was narrowed to "drinking', dancin', 'n smokin'" and above all, as I read it, to autoeroticism—from which everything from insanity to all manner of diseases was thought to emerge.

Then, with the rise of psychoanalysis and other related disciplines in our time, came another erosion in the arena of behavior that could be designated as sin. There was a healthy examination of the area of sexuality. Things once thought sinful and abnormal were now seen as normal and even life enhancing. But something else happened. The concept of behavior as resulting from mental illness or mental disease tended to transform what was once sin and then a crime into a symptom of disease for which one could not be held responsible, just as one could not be held responsible for a symptom of measles or whatever. We've seen this just recently in the "Son of Sam" case, where he was judged to be, in effect, not responsible for his actions by one psychiatric evaluation.

This is an overly-simplified sketch, but enough to give some feel, I think, for a few of the forces at work which have tended to shove the discussion of sin out of the arena of public discourse even in the lives of churches. It was interesting to me that the two most helpful resources I found that were calling for a renewal of the discussion of sin in church life were written not by clergy persons or theologians, but one by a doctor-psychiatrist and one by a lawyer. I agree wholeheartedly with their call for a renewed look at the reality pointed to by the word sin.

The place to start, it seems to me, is with the fundamental assumptions of the Bible. I'd like to start with the diagram labeled no. one, and then explain a bit about it.



In summing it up, Jesus spoke of love of God, of neighbor, and of self. Therein are the elements of full human potential

The starting point of all else in the Bible is that each piece of God's created world is good and of equal worth. Each person is made in the "image of God." *As long as* we stay in touch with God and God's love for *each* of us, we can continue to affirm and celebrate our self-worth *and* the worth of others. When asked to sum it all up, Jesus spoke of love of God, love of neighbor and love of self. That's what the diagram illustrates—the structure within which we can move towards our full potential as human beings.

Sin then is *anything* which distorts that basic pattern. We often hear about sin*s* in the plural, but there is only one basic sin and that's the sin of idolatry—the process of something or someone coming in the place of God. Diagram no. two shows one way that can happen.

This shows what happens when I put myself down, or allow myself to be put down by someone or something else. When this happens I'm saying in effect, "God, you didn't do such a hot job on me, I'm not worth what you say I am." So I put distance between me and God. Also, because we always exist in a world of relationships, I'm saying that someone else is worth *more* than I and that someone else's judgment about me is more significant than God's. When this happens, the other becomes a kind of god for me (or moves between me and God), which violates the basic commandment "you shall have no other gods to set against me" (Deut. 5:7 N.E.B.).

What happens then is this: I distort my relationship with God, fail to love myself, and encourage my fellow human beings to move into position no. two. This is what "forgive us our debts" in the Lord's Prayer refers to. We need God's forgiving power to move out of having become indebted to

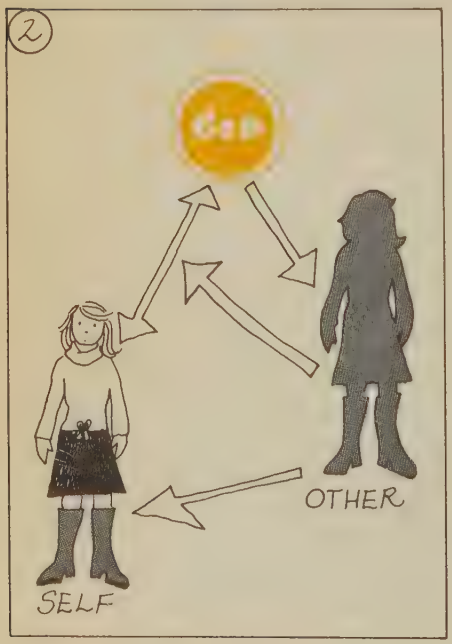
or in the power of anyone or anything but God—in other words, we need God's forgiveness to move out of sin.

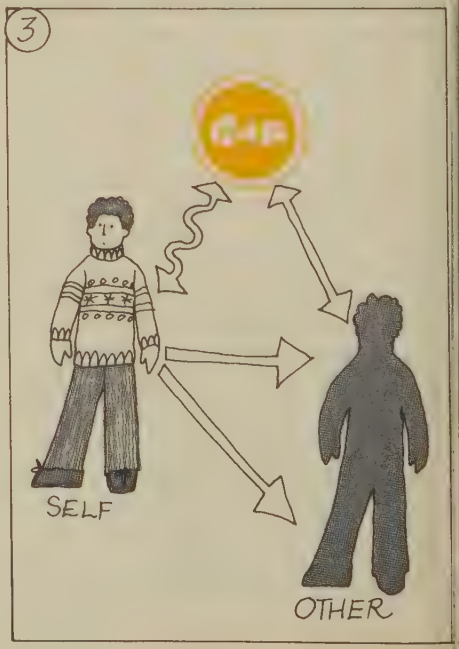
The same thing is true, however, in reverse, as we see in diagram no. three.

This, in fact, diagrams out the "classic" sin of pride, better known today as the various chauvinisms—female chauvinism, male chauvinism, American chauvinism, white/black chauvinism, etc. This once again says something to God, only this time it's, "God, you didn't do such a hot job on him/her/them and he/she/they are not worth what you say."

It is an attempt to get into the god-like position of being able to evaluate the worth of another, which distorts my relationship with God and with the other, which distances them from God, and which can create a harmful dependency of the other on us. This is another piece of the Lord's Prayer—"forgive us our debtors." We need God's forgiving power to move out of a way of relating to others which indebts them to us, or puts them in our power. We need God's forgiveness to move out of sin.

But this is not all, there is a fourth piece to the "sin puzzle" that is frequently overlooked, partly because of the difficult language the Bible uses. This is



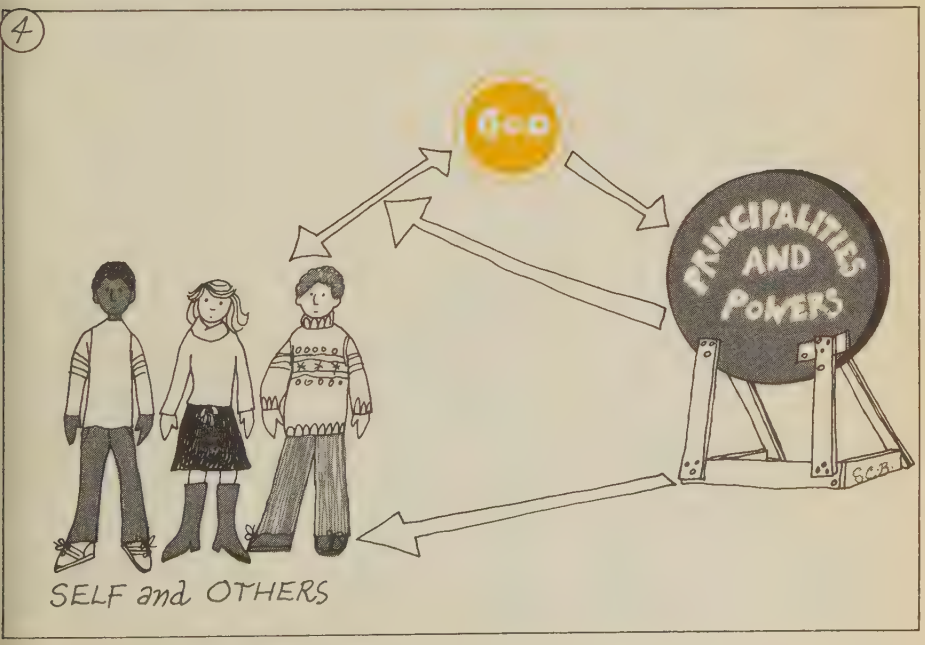


the hardest part to get a hold of, but please bear with me. I think you'll find it startlingly relevant and, I hope, helpful. The diagram for this is no. four.

The "principalities and powers" named in the diagram are such things as: institutions (state, church, school, family, corporations); ideologies (americanism, capitalism, individualism, communism); role images ("real" woman, "real" man, successful business person, religious person); rules (customs, traditions, doctrines, creeds); chemicals (food, alcohol, drugs); etc. If they work as God intended, they help us to stay in or get back into position no. one. But, in fact, just as often, sometimes more often, they push us, or try to push us, into positions no. two and no. three.

By putting myself down or by allowing myself to be put down by others, I move myself away from God and others.

When this happens, the "principalities and powers" become like gods for us and our relationship to God is distorted. This is part of the Lord's Prayer—"lead us not into temptation but deliver us



from the power of evil." The "principalities and powers" are powerful and can lead (tempt) us into sin—that's why we pray for God's help in dealing with that power.

A somewhat playful example might help. One of my interests has been in tracking down the origin of marriage customs. One custom I see frequently at receptions is the bride feeding the groom a piece of wedding cake. The origin of this custom goes back to a pre-Christian ritual. The bride would—as a part of the marriage ceremony—cook some food which had been provided by the groom. When she completed it, she would feed a portion of it to the groom. This action symbolized: her giving up her family's hearth gods and acceptance of her husband's; her giving up her previous identity and name; her obedience/subservience to the man; and her taking on the domestic role as her primary function from then on. Many of the other marriage customs are very similar. In the midst of what would seem to be a celebration of position no. one, much of what is acted out and symbolized are positions no. two and no. three.

The next question is, "What is the power behind the principalities and powers?" The Biblical answer is death. This is another tough piece to get a hold of, but we see it in a phrase like, "I was so embarrassed, I could have died." What is meant by "death" is not physical death but the moral equivalents of death—disapproval, discrimination, punishment, poverty, unemployment, ostracism, deportation, harassment, libel, bribery, etc.

A good example of how this works is Martin Luther King, Jr., who challenged the "principalities and powers" in the name of establishing a position no. one relationship for both blacks and whites. As a consequence, he was harassed, imprisoned, libeled, under constant threats of death, and eventually, literally killed. The apostle Paul says, "the wages of sin is death." Dr. King was constantly being "paid" the "wages" of the sinful principalities and powers. But he was able to refuse those "wages" and not be pushed into positions no. two and no. three because he was so solidly grounded in position no. one.

How did he get that grounding? He got it from the one who went before us all, showing us how to do it. Over and over again, Jesus challenged the principalities and powers of his time in the name of position no. one, both for himself and for others. As a consequence, he was subjected to the powers of death and ultimately killed. But instead of his death containing or ending the meaning and significance of Jesus' life, his death

released that meaning and significance.

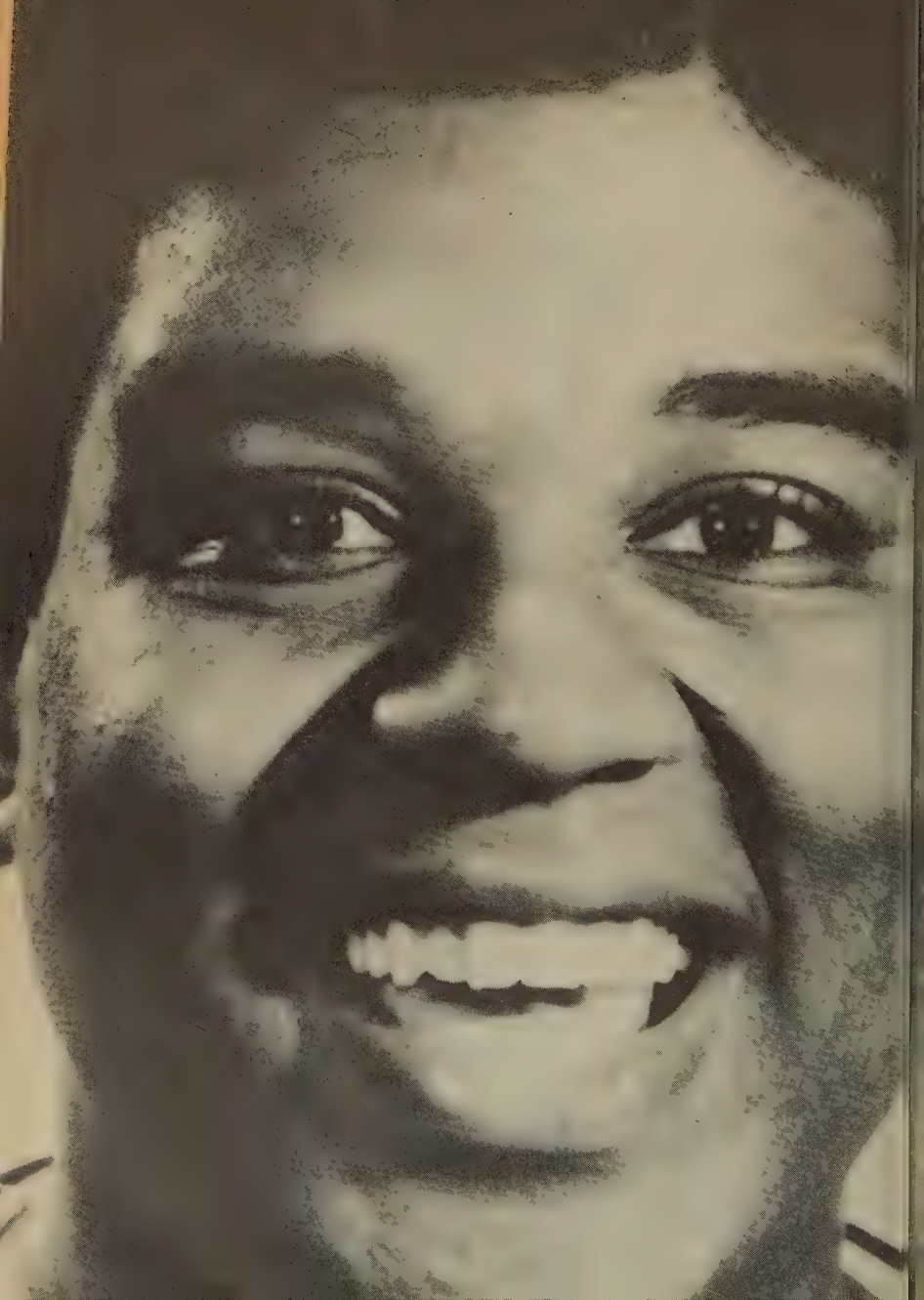
His followers then and since have thereby been set free to continue to challenge the principalities and powers. At the same time, the principalities and powers were themselves exposed for what they are—false gods, themselves subject to death. The power of the Roman Empire is gone, for example; but the power of God in Christ is still here.

The whole verse I quoted before from Paul (Romans 6:23) reads: "The wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord." This verse is often interpreted as applying primarily to the future.

Principalities and powers were exposed as false gods, subject to death, but the power of God in Christ is still here.

But, in fact, it represents a very present and very real option. The options really are: life/love (position no. one) or sin/death (positions no. two, no. three, no. four).

How do we go about staying or getting back into position no. one? We'll discuss this in a future article in this series. □



RERUN

BY DENNIS BENSON

The CBS security guard checks in my camera and tape recorder at the huge Hollywood broadcast complex entry desk. A special identification badge has been prepared for me. "Wear this at all times. The Dinah Shore Show is being taped on sound stage 34."

The bowels of the production facility are a complex maze of endless halls, huge studios and unlabeled elevators. I wander for 15 minutes without any success. How in the world did I end up at CBS looking for an ABC television star?

I pop around the corner of a TV set to face a laughing and applauding audience. I watch the happy faces of 250 eager fans without seeing to whom they are reacting. They are clapping without the "APPLAUSE" sign cuing them into action.

I press through the glut of technicians sipping on the complimentary beverages and snacking pieces of meat and cheese. When I manage to wedge myself so that I can see what the audience is seeing, the graceful dance of a short, fat young man fills my vision. He is wearing a bakery boy cap and outfit decorated with huge red and white stripes. He has now coaxed Dinah and her guest country singer, Jerry Reid, to the center of the set.

Dennis Benson is author of *Recycle Catalogue, Electric Liturgy, The Rock Generation, The Now Generation,* editor of "Recycle," and frequent contributor to YOUTH Magazine.

They are all now doing the remarkable bouncy dance of the bakery boy. After a few minutes it is clear that this guest has literally put a "talking heads" show on its feet. The energy from this dance interlude flows into the conversation and content of the show's remaining segments. Fred Berry, who plays Rerun in the hit TV show, "What's Happening!!," has scored again.

On the way out of the studio, I claim my equipment. We discover a huge crowd of people waiting for Fred outside the doors. He pleasantly and patiently signs autographs for the next 15 minutes. The busloads of fans from all over the country anxiously press forward to touch him.

As we drive toward his manager's apartment, Fred reflects on the scene we just left. "I get mobbed wherever I go, especially by the kids. You see, people go off into a fanasty world when they see me. It is like I stepped right out of the television set, right into their lives and they can't believe it. They have to touch me."

Over bottled water and deli sandwiches the actor shares the real Fred Berry, who is very separate from, and yet so much a part of, the Rerun character he plays on the show. "It all started with me sneaking away from all-night prayer meetings and going to a Disco. I noticed a guy there who was doing a marvelous dance that I wanted to learn. We became friends and hung around together. We decided to form a dance group."

The creative Lockers were to be seen on "Soul Train" and the Roberta Flack Special. Fred got his break as an actor in a television pilot which has now become a hit series. Being in the sixth most popular show among teens has changed his life.

His character of Rerun speaks the words of writers, but it is Fred who gives him life. "He is all me, but it is only part of me. Rerun is only one of the many characters I play in my own life."

Viewers like Rerun. He is a good guy who is trying to help everyone. There is an urban cleverness in him which is close to the qualities appreciated most by Fred. "He's not too smart in school, but he's more of a street-type guy. He's streetwise . . . . He uses more common sense than anything. And I think that's the bigger part of me. You know, the real Fred Berry. (laughing) Whoever that may be."

Fred has little emotional response to memories of his own school experience. "I could take it or leave it. I was more streetwise. I learned to read, to write and to count my change. I think that is really important. The rest you learn in the streets."

As the star talks, it is clear that a drive for creative fulfillment has

"LIFE IS BOTH POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE; YOU'VE GOT TO TRAVEL BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD."

played a major role in his success. Where does this outlook originate? How is he able to push his common sense into creative comedy? "In school they used to kid me about being fat. But, no matter whether you're fat or skinny or dark or light, they're always going to talk about you in some kind of way. . . . What you have to do is to learn to turn these people around and have them laughing with you, instead of at you. . . . I used to call myself the 'fat fury' when I was in high school. So, when somebody would come up with a fat joke or something, I'd say, 'it's the fat fury,' and have them laughing along with me, instead of at me. I guess it evolved into what I'm doing now."

Being a fool for self-preservation is one thing, it is a much more complex matter to push these instincts to a creative level. "Usually people just act the fool and people say, 'there goes another fool.' But when somebody says, 'He's a good fool,' then you keep doing it. You keep on wanting to make people laugh. If you're at the right place at the right time, things start happening for you. You've got to keep on doing whatever you believe in. . . . People want to be entertained. When they sit there, they want to be tripped out. They say, 'do something, do anything.' They're begging for it. So the weirdest things you can come up with are sometimes the best things. That's how I do it, I just let it come naturally."

Fred begins eating his second ham and cheese sandwich. Did anyone encourage him to develop his natural comic ability? "What happened was that my mother had a real negative view of my going into show business. She wanted me to be a preacher, you know, in church and all that stuff. I was heavy into the church when I first started this dancing thing. I think that her negative view made me want to do something really positive, really positive, about what I believed I could do. And no matter what anybody said, I just kept on pushing, kept on pushing. And I finally got on the road to where I am going."

It is interesting to reflect on how Fred's playing of Rerun does fulfill some of the attributes sought by his mother's desire to have him be a preacher. "Young minds are very gullible, picking

up things. But I think I relay a message—a good message. People tell me all the time that they like my character. I don't have to be nasty to be nice or to be funny . . . I do think that there is a certain level of integrity that you have to uphold because people see you on television. They have certain feelings about the way that you should be. For instance, a lot of young kids look up to me. I have to kind of lead them in the right direction—or what I believe is the right direction."

"I have a belief that there is a super being or God, or Allah, or whatever you want to call it. I still believe in that and I pray and things like that. I believe in myself, too. I try to think as positive as I can. Life is both positive and negative. If you're going to do something negative, then think the positive; if you do something positive, then think the negative. You've got to travel both sides of the road, as much as you can. You use the negative even more than you use the positive because the more positive things happen to you and you take them for granted. But the negative things kind of set you back. You have even more to learn from them."

While Fred talks, I couldn't help shuddering back in my memory to the painful moments of insecurity about my ability when I was in high school. I am still crippled musically by the memory of that teacher who had me sing for the class. She then made fun of my limited talent while the whole class went wild with laughter. I have never sung in public since. How do you move as a creative person through the negative to growth when it hurts? "You have to have an illusion of grandeur in your head (laughter). Set somebody up on a pedestal and let him boast about the things which he can do well. The big thing about being a creative person is being able to boast and not being criticized for doing it . . . if you are good at it. I think that that helps a lot. It is not really egotripping. If you do something well, you ought to be able to talk about it."

The sandwiches are finished. Our conversation has run its course. Fred relaxes. He offers to drop me off at the Hollywood Holiday Inn. We shake hands as I get out of the car. He waves and pulls away. I can't help but remember his parting remark. "I think that there are going to be a lot of downfalls, a lot of pitfalls for me. I try to take things slowly and one thing at a time, so that I don't make too many mistakes. You can't go through life without making some mistakes, but if you take your time and use just common sense, you won't make that many mistakes."

Rerun is a nice guy, but I like Fred Berry even better. □

"I THINK I RELAY A MESSAGE—A GOOD MESSAGE; PEOPLE OFTEN TELL ME THEY LIKE MY CHARACTER."

Fred is shown with the two other stars of "What's Happening!!" They are Haywood Nelson and Ernie Thomas.

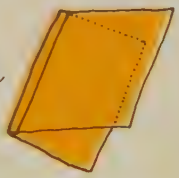
ABC Studios

Crafts from Recycled and Common Materials
by Virginia Rich · drawn by Sandy Bauer

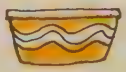
WINDOW ART

you need

- SEVERAL TRANSPARENT PLASTIC THEME COVERS~ IN DIFFERENT COLORS



- CLEAR CONTACT PAPER
- TRANSLUCENT LIDS FROM ½LB. MARGERINE TUBS



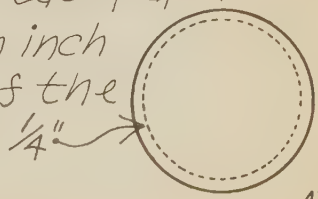
- SCISSORS
- WATER ~ IN A SMALL BOWL OR SPRAY BOTTLE

Bright pieces of plastic can be used in several ways to decorate windows where light can catch their colors.

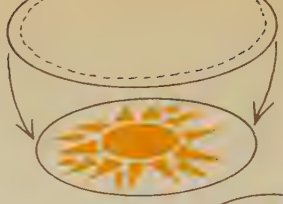
The simplest way uses the plastic directly on the glass. Cut the plastic into shapes. Dip these into water or spray the window pane ~ lightly ~ with water. Press the pieces onto the glass. The plastic will stick even after the water has dried. When the decoration needs to be removed, there is no sticky adhesive to be cleaned up.

To make a more permanent re-usable decoration, bring the clear contact paper into the act.

Cut two circles or squares of the same size out of the contact paper. Trim away a quarter of an inch from the edge of one of the pieces.



Pull the backing paper off the trimmed piece.



With the sticky side up, arrange a design of colored plastic pieces on the trimmed contact paper.

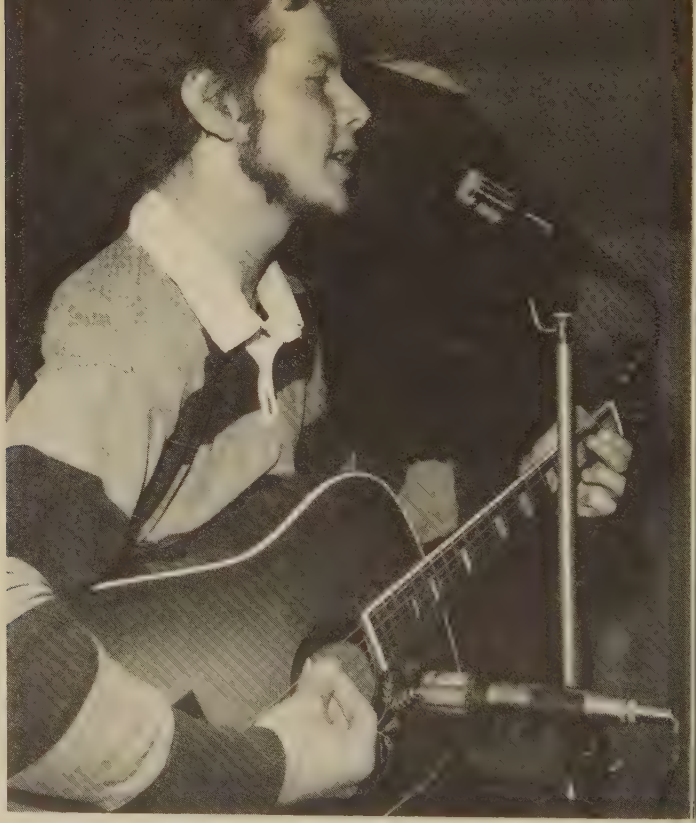
Remove the backing on the larger piece of contact paper and, sticky sides together carefully press this down over the design you've made. There should be a quarter of an inch extending all around the smaller circle or square. Use this sticky margin to hold the design to the window. To re-use this decoration store it on a piece of waxed paper.

To make a light-catching medallion that doesn't stick to the glass at all, use a translucent lid from a ½ LB. margerine tub as a base for your design.

Cut a circle of clear contact paper that will fit inside the ridge on the edge of the lid. Peel the backing off and assemble a design on the sticky side of the contact paper. Press the paper onto the lid. With your fingernails, smooth the contact paper down tight. This medallion can be hung in a window with a thread loop strung through its edge.

Cut designs by folding the plastic one or two times, snowflake-style.

Try a "mosaic" effect by cutting little squares and triangles and combining them into a pattern.□



Author Bill McIlwain finds that his American music communicates to a Belgian audience.

"I'll never forget it!"

BY BILL McILWAIN

There is absolutely no better way to learn about a country and its people than to spend time there in the middle of it all.

Everything is firsthand and alive. The longer one stays the more is learned. Living in a foreign country is quite a different kettle of fish from passing through on a tour and catching a brief, often deceptive, glimpse of the place.

Why should someone spend an entire year of his or her life in a foreign country? One reason is because it's a great experience which can only be fully experienced during one's youth; a time when the later complications of life don't have such great bearing on day-to-day life. In other words, the mind, being relatively free of burden, is more lucid and receptive. An open mind is so important.

I learned a great deal during my International Christian Youth Exchange year in Belgium, not only about the country itself, but about my own country and my-

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Bill McIlwain is an International Christian Youth Exchange (ICYE) student, who has returned home to North Carolina after spending a year in Belgium.

A good relationship between the exchangee and the host family is important. Here, Bill is shown with his Belgian "family," the Schoofs.

self. I consider myself very fortunate to have had the chance to live in a foreign land at such an impressionable time in my life. I came to see things in a different light—especially the United States. I had the chance to view my own country from afar in a country where American foreign policy affects domestic affairs. For instance, American-made "Starfighter" jets flew daily over the town where I lived, as part of the N.A.T.O. defense policy. Nuclear weapons are stored all over Belgium for use in the event of a Communist invasion—many Belgians are quite afraid that the Russians will invade.

America is a great and powerful nation. No one can deny that. But it can't do without Europe, so a firsthand understanding of Europe, or at least one of its nations, is enlightening in understanding the workings of the world.

A year abroad gives you a chance to take a good hard look at yourself and your motives. For me, it provided a sort of resting place between two stages of my life. I became a more sensitive individual, seeing more clearly the forces at work on all of us.

Soccer is the national sport in Belgium, and Bill found it was a custom he enjoyed.

Just what you experience and learn from depends a lot on where you are and what you do. I lived in the backwoods of Europe in the Belgian province of Limburg. Life moved slowly there but I was always learning.

One of the strongpoints International Christian Youth Exchange has over other exchange programs is the freedom it allows its exchangees. Participants are encouraged to seek out new and different experiences when they feel it's necessary. I spent a couple of months in a boys school but soon realized that it was no place to learn about Belgium. I wanted to find a situation where I could come in contact with many people. That's when I found the job at a hospital. Although, of course, everyone there was ill, most of them liked to talk. Within my ward on the ground level was contained a great cross-section of the Belgian people. By that time I could speak a good bit of Flemish and had learned to understand the local dialect well enough to where I could ask a few questions and then just sit and listen while they talked. I talked and listened to a lot of different people: farmers, teachers, priests, ex-Nazis, black-lunged miners, truckers, aging hippies, motorcycle gang members, students, factory workers, poets and kids. I learned a lot in that place besides how to make a square corner on a bed.

One of the most important parts of any exchange program is the placement of the exchangee in the host family. Many of my fellow exchangees had to change families (some more than once) before they were happy. I was lucky. I was placed in a very compatible family and had little difficulty adjusting to their way of living. I think this good placement was partly because I was very open and honest on my original applications. Of course it took time for us to really relax around each other. In the beginning we tiptoed around each other like new friends do. But it wasn't too long before everything fell in place and we loosened up.

I knew very little about Belgium before I went. I had learned some geographical facts about it and had heard of a social conflict between the French speaking Belgians (Waloons) living in the south and the Flemish speaking Belgians (Flemings) who inhabit

AN EXCHANGE YEAR IS AN EFFORT IN BRINGING US ALL TOGETHER— IT BREAKS DOWN BARRIERS.

A job in a hospital helped Bill get out and meet many different people.

the northern part of the country. But I had no idea just how real this conflict was.

Brussels is the big issue in the Waloon-Fleming conflict. The capital city and international political headquarters for such organizations as N.A.T.O. and the European Economic Community, Brussels geographically lies in Flanders (the Flemish-speaking part of Belgium) but the majority of its population speaks French. The whole conflict goes back to a time not so long ago when French was the language of the elite bourgeoisie and Flemish was strictly the language of the lower class. Things have changed considerably since that time but the conflict remains a heated and unavoidable issue—especially in Brussels.

For centuries Belgium has been an oppressed land. Its central location and lack of formidable natural barriers has made it prey to almost every conquering army on the continent at one time or another. I think this has had a

I SPENT A FEW MONTHS IN A BOYS SCHOOL, BUT REALIZED IT WAS NO PLACE TO LEARN ABOUT BELGIUM.

profound effect on the present-day inhabitants. For example, Belgians tend to follow trends instead of setting their own. America seems to be the biggest trend-setter. I was surprised by the amount of American influence in Belgium: music, clothes, products and, in many ways, ideas. The trends normally originate in America, cross the Atlantic to Great Britian and Scandinavia. They then slowly filter down through the Netherlands and into Belgium in about three years time.

Something else which surprised me at first was the large number of American firms located in Belgium. I lived in the northeast part of the country in the province Limburg; a province plagued environmentally by several large industrial parks consisting primarily of American multinational companies. Belgium is a good place to put a factory. Land isn't too expensive, taxes on industry are minimal and pollution laws aren't strictly enforced. I know that there are people in Limburg who resent being taken advantage of but they haven't much say. Unemployment is a

Bill knew enough Flemish to ask questions, and then sit back and listen to the Belgian patients.

problem and factories provide such a large percentage of the jobs.

Traditionally, the Belgian family is a close unit. It always has been and still is today. One often finds three generations of the same family living within 100 meters of each other. This was something new for me. I think it's great that they can keep together so well. But this closeness has its bad effects. Quite often the parents make all of the important decisions in their childrens' lives until the age of 21. I think this is ridiculous. This suppresses the independence and individuality of the youth.

There are some difficulties involved with an exchange year, but coping with them is a big part of the experience. Being isolated from friends and family, learning a new language, making new friends and adjusting to the new life style are not easy things to do. At times these things are frustrating but in the long run they are the joys of it all.

One of the things which shouldn't be a difficulty (but often is) is the money needed to engage in an exchange program. ICYE has scholarships but there aren't very many. Church sponsorship is one answer to the problem.

Why should a church sponsor an exchange? Because sending a student abroad for a year is an endeavor in bringing people together. Not only does the exchangee benefit from it, but the host family does, the community and, in a way, folks back home.

I lived in a small community well off of the tourist track and for most of its inhabitants I was the first American they'd seen in the flesh. Many of the people I met were surprised to learn that I was an American. I didn't look or act like the stereotyped American youth. This is what I mean when I say that an exchange year for a student is an effort in bringing us all closer together. It breaks down barriers between us and other people. One of the great values of religion is that it brings people together, hopefully with the goal of uniting us all in love and friendship. It's a duty of the church to perpetuate this. Love and friendship come only with understanding. Before a person can love his or her brothers and sisters he or she must understand them.

My advice to people considering participating in ICYE is brief. Decide as accurately as possible if it's the right thing for you to do. Are you independent enough of your family, friends and homeland to leave it all for a year in a different country? Do you enjoy being out on your own and meeting people? Are you prepared to change your life-style? If so, you're ICYE material. From there on out try to be as open and

Vacationing in the mountains was part of Bill's travel experience during his year abroad.

honest on all applications and don't let all of the writing discourage you. It's very necessary.

My year abroad was a wonderful experience which I know I'll never regret doing. It had some profound effects on me and brought me to see many things more clearly. I'm glad I did it when I did because the chance wouldn't have come again. □

THERE ARE DIFFICULTIES LIVING OVERSEAS, BUT COPING IS A BIG PART OF THE EXPERIENCE.

TOUCH AND GO

Queen Natalie Cole

It was neat to read what Natalie Cole said about her own faith and about her church involvement (October 1977). It isn't often great stars are willing to confess such things in public.

—O.J., Philadelphia, Pa.

From the Tasmanian Devil

Your skateboarding article (September 1977) is nothing short of fantastic! First of all, you picked a person who is behind the "good energy" of skating. Russ Howell is out to establish skateboarding as a safe sport. And your disspelling of the so-called dangers and the promotion of safety gear will get a lot of kids into this high energy sport. This kind of journalism is what skateboarding needs!

—T.D., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Worse Torture Elsewhere

I wish to protest your article on "Christians Against Torture" (September 1977). While no one who has any Christian feelings supports torture, the article was totally biased in the way it attacked certain countries for torture practices—Chile, South Korea, Philippines, Iran and Turkey. While I realize that conditions in these countries aren't perfect, the article forgot totally to identify the two biggest torturers of human beings in the world—the Soviet Union and Red China.

The article also fails to mention the threat of atheistic communism to the Christian community. While I am not excusing abuses in right-wing countries, they are not a threat to world peace as are the world-wide communist aggressors, who already have subjected over a billion people in their slave system.

As far as the assertion that our high standard of living is the cause of Third World poverty—that is pure nonsense. The vast majority of Third World countries have socialist and pro-communist governments. These governments have brought hunger and ruination to their own nations by hampering private foreign investment and by applying the typical idiotic communist dogma to both the industrial and agricultural sectors. The U.S. owes no apologies to these Third World buffoons.

You also state that we helped to overthrow the Allende government. You forgot to mention that Allende was a self-admitted atheistic Marxist who brought Chile to near ruin by causing an 800% inflation rate with his Marxist policies. All true Christians should be glad that this Marxist is gone. —D.S., Florissant, Mo.

Puzzle Solved!

My first issue of YOUTH Magazine was the March 1977 issue. Since then, I have enjoyed every issue very, very much. My favorite part of YOUTH Magazine is the puzzles. Being an avid sports fan, I have especially enjoyed your baseball and sports puzzles. But I am puzzled. In the baseball puzzle (August 1977) you said the 1976 home run king was Craig Nettles of the "Big Red Machine." I might be wrong, but isn't his name *Graig* Nettles and isn't he on the New York Yankees and not on the "Big Red Machine," otherwise known as the Cincinnati Reds? Please straighten me out. Thanks. —N.I., El Cerrito, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: You're right! Thanks for correcting us!

Studying "Rip-Offs"

I am associate pastor of our church and being in this position affords me the privilege of working with young people. I enjoyed your special issue on money (January 1977) and I would like permission to reproduce the article on "Rip-Offs" for our senior highs as part of their forthcoming stewardship study. Thank you and God be with you!

—V.E., Marietta, Ga.

Understanding the Issues

Hi! I have caught wind of what a great magazine you put out! I am very involved with youth ministry on local, area, and state levels. From what I've seen of your magazine, it's truly great in helping youth understand some of the issues of today.

—J.B., Houston, Tex.

WHAT'S COMING

MAKE 1978 A FESTIVE, FUN YEAR

A unique calendar for 1978 gives tips and teasers for making the most of the new year. It's just the daily lift you're looking for.

COPING WITH THE CULTS

Faced by invitations to join other religious sects, a group of church youth in Florida decided to study how to handle such hassles. They've made a movie about their studies and they've written an article for our readers.

JACQUES COUSTEAU TALKS TO TEENS

A pioneer in exploring the heights of the atmosphere and the depths of the sea shares his perspectives on life in an interview with YOUTH Magazine.

GROWING UP, NOT DOWN

Have you got personal problems? A psychologist writes a new series of articles on those questions about growing up that bug you the most.

NOTICE

Computers are now handling our subscription orders and printing our mailing labels. In the transfer of our information about you, we may lose some orders, print some wrong addresses, or send too many copies to you. Computers (fed by humans) can make some strange errors. Please help us to be fair to you. If something unusual happens to your subscription, let us know so that we can correct it immediately. Address your questions or complaints to: Circulation Assistant, YOUTH Magazine, Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

1. DAVID
2. GOD
3. GABRIEL
4. ELIZABETH
5. MAGNIFICAT
6. MARY
7. JOSEPH
8. EMMANUEL
9. AUGUSTUS CAESAR
10. BETHLEHEM
11. SHEPHERDS
12. HEROD
13. WISEMEN
14. EGYPT
15. NAZARETH
16. JOHN THE BAPTIST
17. SIMEON
18. ANNA
19. ZECHARIAH
20. JOHN

M A R Y E S E M M A N U E L O O K U P O N
S O N A C E D E M O T W I S U N D B X E I
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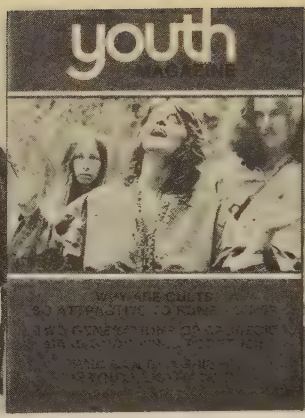

1977 INDEX OF CONTENTS

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JANUARY

A special issue on money.

- Fast food means fast money, but at whose expense? Fast food restaurants and their hiring practices get a close, hard look.
- Money madness receives a satirical look from cartoonist Doug Brunner.
- Economics revisited: Dr. Robert Lekachman talks about economics in a down-to-earth way.
- Brian Vachon takes the terror out of writing job resumes.
- What does the Bible say about money? Dr. Wayne Robinson gives an answer.
- A prayer about materialism and the "almighty dollar" is offered by Allen Happe.
- Putting your priorities and your dollars in perspective is important.
- "Mixed-up Money"—a word puzzle.
- Rip-offs and how to avoid them is discussed at length.
- Consumer action can mean consumer satisfaction, according to teenage consumer activist Tamar Fox.
- You can use money to bring about economic and social change.
- A bibliography of resources on the topic of money is included.

FEBRUARY

- Young people and religious cults are put in perspective.
- Two teens talk about Africa, Zaire and "Operation Lifelight."
- Meditation, faith and you are discussed by Jan Corbett.
- "When School is a Bore"—a prayer by Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
- Pain can be your friend, according to Dr. Wayne Robinson.
- Love can be laughable—especially when cartoonist Doug Brunner gets a hold of it!
- "Heroes and Heroines"—a word puzzle.
- A "mother" and "daughter" grow up together—continents apart!
- Jazz musician Dave Brubeck talks about his musical family.

MARCH

- Superstar Stevie Wonder's world of music and belief is explored by Dennis Benson.
- Some problems don't look so bad through the eyes of cartoonist Doug Brunner.
- Death is a fact of life, as one group of teens learn. But how do you cope with it?

- "Learning by doing" gets praise from students and teachers.
- "Help Me Keep My Dreams Alive"—a prayer by Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
- Tiddlywinks: an old game gets renewed popularity.
- "Sports Stars"—a word puzzle.
- Champion ski racers of tomorrow are busy training today. A photo feature by Bob Krueger.

APRIL

- Moses is set to music by participants of "Sing Praise."
- Breaking up is hard to do: "Paperclips" by Doug Brunner.
- "Things": Virginia Rich tells you how to make paper beads.
- Singer Janis Ian talks about climbing to *personal* success.
- "I Am 20"—a prayer by Patricia Goodell.
- "Films and Filmmakers"—a word puzzle.
- What is faith? Dr. Wayne Robinson discusses this heavy question.
- An Easter dialogue speaks of belief and faith against a skeptical crowd.
- Young people all over the country find they have a place and a voice in the church NOW!

MAY

A special issue on drugs and alcohol.

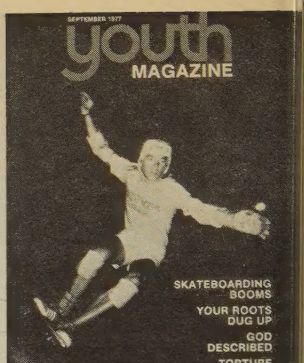
- Two former drug addicts talk about the pain, the loss and the emptiness of drug addiction.
- Cartoonist Doug Brunner waxes philosophical about drugs and alcohol.
- Three teens provide the catalyst for a local Alcohol and Drug Abuse Team.
- Drug addiction hurts both the user and those who love him or her.
- One mother tells the story of her son, an addict.
- Shalom is a nationally-acclaimed program to get at the *real* cause of drug and alcohol addiction.
- Dr. Warren J. Kreml offers a prayer about unhappiness, uncertainty and the healing power of faith.
- One father writes his two children about his own adolescence in order to show them he does, indeed, understand.
- A Florida school system incorporates objectivity and reality into its drug education program.
- An attorney tells you what your rights are in relation to drug law.
- A New York drug center helps addicts give up the needle by inserting needles!
- Can you say 'no' to a crowd? Dr. Stanley S. Clawar helps you learn how.
- A bibliography of educational materials about drugs and alcohol is included.
- Missouri teens help younger kids make their own choices about drugs.
- "High On Life!" Herman C. Ahrens, Jr. writes a sensitive essay about the quality of life.

JUNE

- You have it easier than you think! A German exchange student compares life in the U.S. with her homeland.

KEN STOTT—STAR ATHLETE
"BREAD AND PUPPET" FREELY ENTERTAINS
ARE MOTORCYCLES SAFE?

A BLUE RIBBON FOR COUNTY FAIRS
TAPE CASSETTES CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE
MELANIE SINGS A BRAND NEW KEY



- Beached—that's how some of us feel during summer vacation! Cartoonist Doug Brunner captures the spirit of the season.
- Gymnastics on horseback is fun!
- Love just might be the answer, according to Jack H. Brennecke.
- "The Devil Made Me Do It!"—a prayer by Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
- Make a frame loom and weave on it. Virginia Rich tells you how.
- The President and the draft: will Jimmy Carter bring back involuntary selective service?
- Dr. Wayne Robinson helps you find the words to talk about faith in "The Language of Faith."
- Woody Guthrie—musician of the people. Daniel Dern writes a profile of the man and the musician.

JULY

- A teenaged athlete shows that you are only as handicapped as you think you are!
- Cartoonist Doug Brunner "makes waves."
- Lewis Archibald takes an incisive look at the negative side of films about children.
- "Walking Puzzle"—a word puzzle.
- Fun or foolish? Riding motorcycles can be fun if you aren't foolish about it!
- "When the Water Runs Deep"—a prayer by Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
- "Things": make your own rubber stamp, as explained by Virginia Rich.
- What is mission? What is its place in your life? Dr. A. H. van den Heuve tackles these and other questions.
- "Hunger Rock" isn't a new recor album, it's a rocking chair marathon!
- A land of make-believe comes to life i Vermont! Read about the Domesti Resurrection circus.

AUGUST

- County fairs: an exciting and vital part c American rural life.
- Cartoonist Doug Brunner joins th airwaves with "Paperclips."
- Cassettes are creative and simple t use. Dennis Benson tells how they ca be used in youth ministry and persona life.
- FML stands for Five Minute Letters, an Marilyn Jackson tells how they can be secret to communication.
- A prayer about touching is offered b Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
- "Bittersweet"—young people preser culture in the Ozark Mountains with magazine they produce.
- Recycle old clothes into new pillow "Things" by Virginia Rich.
- Lewis Archibald talks about reality an war movies.
- "Baseball Puzzle"—a word puzzle.
- Melanie: a flower-child of the 60s make a comeback in the 70s.

SEPTEMBER

- Skateboarding explodes in popularit all over the country! Read about th new sport.

- What is God? Dr. Wayne Robinson tackles another heavy question.
- Torture is not just a horror of history. It's a present-day threat in many countries. A group of Christians went to Washington to voice their concern.
- "Teach Us"—a prayer.
- Back to school with cartoonist Doug Brunner.
- Recycle paper: "Things" by Virginia Rich.
- Trace your own "roots" after reading this article about genealogy.
- An "overnighter" sponsored by three churches reveals some pretty heavy things about love and sincerity for one teen.

OCTOBER

- The "spirit of Disney" is discussed in this article about Disney World.
- Driving defensively has more than one meaning for cartoonist Doug Brunner.
- Two Iowa teenagers show they can handle politics and responsibility.
- "Things": make a drinking straw loom and weave on it. By Virginia Rich.
- A dialogue becomes a prayer offered by Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
- Natalie Cole talks about her music, her deep faith, and her famous father.
- Dr. Wayne Robinson talks about what it means to be human.
- Teenaged volunteers find some special relationships with senior citizens.
- "Herstory"—a word puzzle.
- Star Wars: C-3PO and R2-D2 have a robot talk about people, and come to some far-out conclusions!

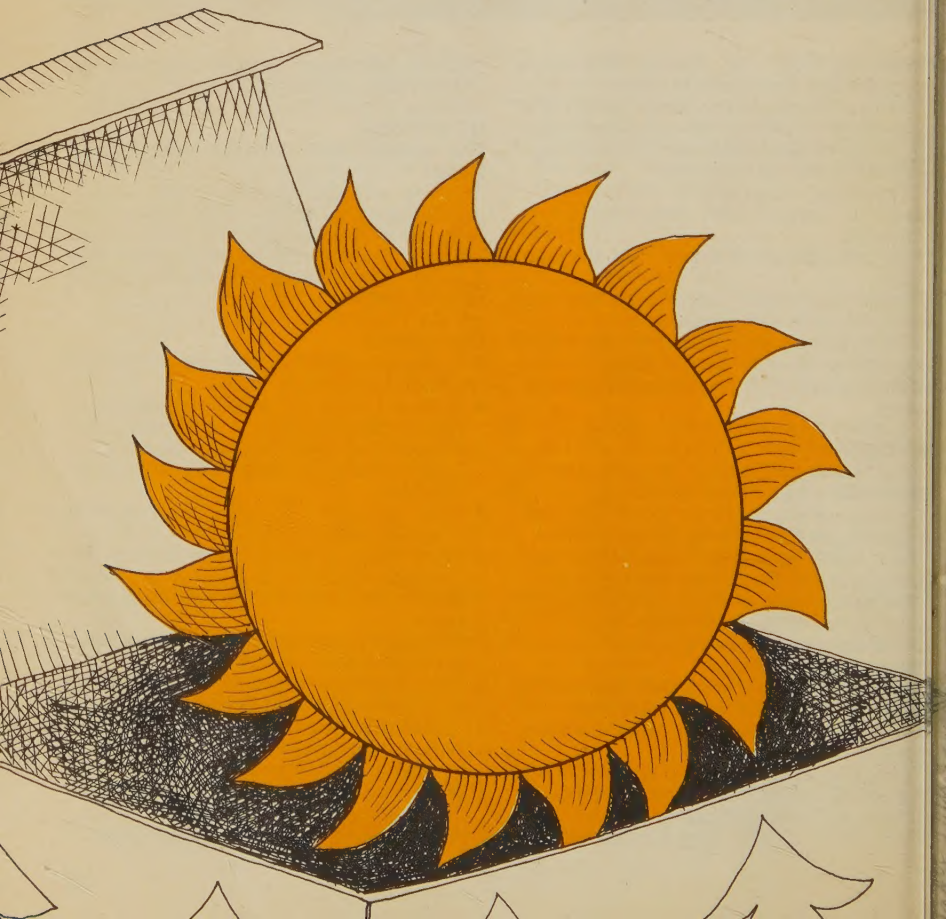
NOVEMBER

The special 1977 Creative Arts Awards issue.

Winning entries of 56 young artists, photographers, poets and writers are featured in this issue. Think about entering *your* work in the 1978 Creative Arts Awards. Watch for rules, to be announced early in 1978!

DECEMBER

- A modern-day Mary and Joseph test the Christmas spirit.
- Mother Teresa of Calcutta is featured in two articles. One article is a first-person account of what it's like to work in Mother Teresa's home for the dying and destitute.
- What is sin? Dr. Wayne Robinson grapples with this question.
- An International Christian Youth Exchange student finds that living abroad helps him understand some things back home.
- Fred Berry, star of a hit television show, is interviewed.
- Doug Brunner wages the great "Christmas Campaign" in his cartoon strip.
- "Christmas Puzzle"—a word puzzle.
- A Christmas prayer in haiku is offered by Katharine Miller Meacham.
- Make a "stained glass" window: "Things" by Virginia Rich.
- A 1977 index of YOUTH is included.

First creative touch fulfilled at Bethlehem is fresh each day in us.

Katharine Miller Meacham